

The Slow Growing Cedar

It requires more than a century for a cedar tree to grow large enough to yield a thirty-foot telephone pole. The eucalyptus will attain a larger growth in thirty years, and its wood is quite as durable.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1765, of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. It was this ingenious machine that put cotton where it is and made the South a cotton-growing country.

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

An Engrossing Film Drama, Based on One of FANNIE HURST'S Unique Stories of New York's East Side.

THE STORY TO DATE.

Essie Birdsong, a lovely flower of the East Side, works in the Blatky sweatshop to help her brother, Jimmie, support their ailing mother. These conditions are as bad spiritually as they are physically and Jimmie feels the necessity of keeping watch for his mother's good. Blatky turns amorous eyes upon Essie and one day stops her as she leaves the shop. He makes advances to the girl, and she fights him off until Jimmie opportunely arrives. Essie seeks another job and becomes acquainted with Lulu Pope, an usher at a theater. Lulu gets Essie an offer of a place at the same theater, but tells Essie she will have "to do it up." After showing Essie how to do this Lulu tells the girl she has a "steady" for her, and produces a photograph of Joe Ullman, a young ticket speculator. This Prince Charming lingers in Essie's mind but she forgets him during her first night as usher at the theater.

"Just Around the Corner" made into motion pictures, scenario and direction by Frances Marion, is a Cosmopolitan production, released as a Paramount picture.

Screen Version Novelized by JANE McLEAN.

"SAY, girlie, you're gettin' up in the world, ain't you?" "Did you notice my new shoes?" asked the delighted Essie. "I'll say so—you're the swell dame tonight, all right—you're comin' round and have a dance at the hall." "Oh, Joe, I thought you was coming to call on Ma tonight—you said you would." "Tomorrow night, little girl—I sure do want to have a dance with you with those nifty shoes on." So Essie danced and ached, and Joe winked at Lulu and told her the

new one was gettin' on. It was after 1 when they made their way along the nearly deserted street to the Birdsong tenement.

"I'll say you'll make a great dancer," Joe vouchsafed as they stood in the hallway saying good-night. "Well, so long"—he bent forward and kissed her, and Essie, having heard from Lulu that this was the way with gentlemen friends, blushed and ran toward the stairs.

"See you tomorrow night," cried Mr. Ullman. "And you'll surely come up then." "Oh, sure," promised the obliging Joe.

Joe was long on promising; his headquarters were in a cigar store, the proprietor of which he paid a percentage on his ticket scalping business.

Joe's Unhappy Moments.

Sometimes when trade was dull the proprietor wondered whether Joe wasn't a nuisance at any price; his hours were spent doing the futile tricks for which the cheap idler is a byword. He would stand for minutes balancing his hat on the tip of his nose or making faces for the benefit of a fellow ne'er do well.

Now and again an irate customer to whom he had sold two dollar tickets for ten, would revisit the place; these meetings were never scheduled in advance and they were always painful to Joe.

Some men seemed to have no sense of humor; just because the aforesaid tickets happened to be behind a post was that any reason for a personal encounter?

To the owner of the store, how-



Essie Birdsong, Who Looks After Her Ailing Mother Tenderly, Makes Her Take Her Medicine.

ever, these return visits were a source of great gratification; it pleased him to the point of tolerating Joe, to see him kicked from one end of the store to the other or hurried headlong into a telephone booth or sent pell mell into the street from the toe of a boot that knew no mercy.

For Joe never made a protest; he was not a hero; his business was

to sell the cheapest good seats for the highest prices, and the knocks and abuse he received as inevitable drawbacks to his calling.

When he was not on duty his time was invested in pool rooms with a crowd of the same mettle as himself; and he always had a girl to whom he posed as the last word in sartorial perfection.

His devotion to Essie had roused

more than one remark among the worthies who smoked cigarettes and shot dice with him.

"I believe he's fallen in love," said one of them.

"Me?" answered Joe, "not in a million years. I'm too wise for that."

"Well, who's the little skirt you're so keen on?"

"Ha, ha, working for free seats." This raised a laugh but Joe was used to laughs; he refused to be annoyed and Essie ceased to furnish a conversation topic over the pool table.

But there was no gaudiness that however tawdry and cheap Joe Ullman really was, to Essie he was the smartest, the brightest, the most considerate of adorers.

FRIENDLY PLANETS

WHY NOT LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM.

By Garrett P. Serviss
Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subject of Scientific Interest.

"Will you give a description of how to find the planets any month in the year; and how to locate them at any time?"—R. A., Chicago.

TO find and follow the planets without the aid of a star and planet finder you must have the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, published by the Government at Washington, for every year and to be had for several years in advance. This, together with a good set of star charts, will enable you to locate any planet at any time, independent of any aid; but, in the case of the planets, the knowledge of the acquisition of which will be a great pleasure for anybody with intellectual tastes.

There is no real difficulty about it. You could easily make your own planetary tables, showing the places of the planets in the sky for several years in advance, with sufficient accuracy for the simple purpose of finding and identifying them.

It is only necessary that you should ascertain to begin with the location of a planet at some date when it is conveniently found for being seen in the evening sky. Then, remembering that the planets all, without exception, advance eastward through the sky in their journey around the sun, you have only to know how many degrees, or what part of the entire circuit of the sky, a planet moves eastward, say in a month, or a week, in order to predict about where it will be at the end of a certain time.

This is rendered the easier because the planets not only all go in the same direction around the sun, but also travel in orbits which all lie in almost the same plane, the plane of the ecliptic, or, in other words, the plane of the earth's orbit, called the ecliptic, or plane of the ecliptic.

The sun is always in the plane of the ecliptic. The various planets (excluding the minor planets or asteroids, which are invisible except with telescopes) are never found more than a few degrees either north or south of the plane of the ecliptic, and their paths all lie in a zone of the sky, called the

The Wine of Life

By Arthur Stringer,
Well-Known Novelist and Author of Countrywide Reputation.

IT was as startling as though he had beheld her kissed on the bare flesh by the lips of Death. He expected almost to hear the rattle of bones as he perceived that antique, stooping frame shake with its senile palsy accentuated by some momentary emotion. But it was too odious even to contemplate.

For the second time Storror let his head sink into his hands, submerged with an immense new misery of betrayal. He was being duped that night, he felt, for the second time, irreparably, unfathomably duped. Yet it amazed him to find that he was incapable of action, that he could contemplate a situation undermining the solid timbers of his happiness and make no effort to combat it.

It was not until Torrie closed the studio door and crossed the room that he made an effort to get to his feet.

"I saw it," he said as he confronted her.

"Saw what?" she sharply de-

manded, appraising his none too steady posture with an eye in which burned both antagonism and disdain. It was an unnaturally bright eye, made almost luminous by the extraordinary whiteness of her face. And even in that inopportune moment Storror was stung sharply by the sense of her beauty.

"You and Modrynski," he replied, "antique, stooping frame shake with its senile palsy accentuated by some momentary emotion. But it was too odious even to contemplate."

"You know as well as I do," he countered, "that I was none too steady on my feet."

"Know what?" his wife was retreating.

"I'm beginning to know you," he

equivocated, scarcely finding the courage to meet her gaze.

"Are you?" she murmured with half-closed eyes. "And what about it?"

"That's just what I've been wondering; what about it?" he repeated, much more lucidly than she must have expected, for she turned upon him again with a quick and defensive movement of impatience.

The Full Effects.

"You'd better get sober before you start saying such utterly ridiculous things," she observed, with an appreciative glance over his person.

"I am sober."

"You look it," she said with a laugh.

He turned and walked away from her, confounded by a sense of frustration, oppressed by the feeling

A STIRRING ROMANCE

By Arthur Stringer.

Some vast issue left clouded and inconsequential. And as he gulped down a glass of ice water and Torrie on the other side of the room with a parade of unconcern began to make ready for bed, he wished with all the strength of his being for a time at least he might claim the luxury of solitude, the consoling dignity of at least sleeping alone.

Before Storror was quite aware of it, in fact, Torrie was lying asleep, or in a pretense of sleep. And when, an hour later, he placed himself wearily on the same bed she neither stirred nor moved. Yet when he awakened several hours later, with the high light of noonday flooding the studio, he found himself with his right arm thrown over her hot bare shoulder and the soft curve of her back lying in his habitual nestling posture close against his body. He saw, too his relief, that she was still sleeping heavily.

So quietly and slowly and almost with a sense of shame, he withdrew his arm from the slowly rising and falling flesh on which it was cushioned. Then inch by inch he moved over to his own side of the bed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Storror was roused out of his reverie by the shrill of the telephone bell. He glanced at Torrie, to see if it had awakened her, and then slipped quietly out of bed. He found that it was Chester Hardy calling him.

(To Be Continued Monday.)

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis.

THERE was once a pretty maiden who was eager to wed, with despair her heart was laden as these doleful words she said: "Oh, I would not be a spinster, living lonely with the cat; I would walk to far Dakota to avoid a fate like that. Now, your married girls are slender, some are tall and some are thin, some are dignified and tender, while some wear a merry grin. Some are beautiful and charming, and (although I would not know) some have faces so alarming they would stop an eight-day clock! So I want to find the season some are wooed and led away, while I'm in my fifteenth season and I soon must be pasty, an searching for a teacher who this secret will impart; how to charm some manly creature, how to win his honest heart." Then she sought a bare-foot dancer, saying: "Tell me how to charm," said the lady; "He's the answer; serve 'em biscuits fresh and warm. Make 'em flapjacks for your dinner, pastry that is always light and you're bound to be a winner, though your face may be a fright. This was such a simple measure that she thought it must be wrong, so the moment she had leisure she approached a queen of song. And she begged her: 'Tell me, madam, what is woman's kindest charm; though men's hearts are like macadam, what will take them all by storm?'"

Quoth the singer: "That is easy; make them doughnuts by the pile, doughnuts that are not too greasy, Though she questioned many others—'Flies, cannibals and Turks—all the honest wives and mother named this charm that always works."

BEING SURE OF LOVE

NO ONE CAN BE QUITE CERTAIN OF IT.

By Beatrice Fairfax
Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Author.

"W" love?" asks George A. "How can I be sure that I'm thinking seriously. She attracts me. We're congenial. I admire her character and her personality. She stirs me and appeals to me. Yet I'm not sure that this is love. And I don't want to make a mistake, since that would mean misery for us both. Isn't there some one thing which would give me definite proof that I care—and care enough to have the right to try to make her care?"

"A proof of love?" "In fairy-tale days knights were sent on strange quests and far journeys to prove their devotion. They rode still at other knights in jousts and tournaments. And the spirit grows through the vicissitudes and trials and the triumphs of the mind. So again love which has a foundation in the spirit will grow with the passing of time and the enduring of pain."

So if you find in your love nothing but hot-headed youthful desire, you can be sure of nothing—but that flowers sicken and die. But if you find that you have a background of admiration and congeniality, if you discover that tenderness and understanding and mental joy are part of your feeling, you're on the right track.

Real love can only be hidden by a selfish fear of the price for yielding. Real love must be unselfish, self-sacrificing, gentle, loyal and tender. And it is hard to be all these things in a self-seeking and individualistic world. Therefore we fear love and its demands. But if we're willing to give ourselves, freely and generously—then indeed we know true love.

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THE COLD BATH

By Brice Belden M. D.

CONTRARY TO WHAT people disposed to coddle themselves frequently imagine, the cold bath protects against cold.

Improving the circulation in the skin and developing general vital resistance. In particular, the power of the body to warm the skin after it has been chilled by exposure to cold is increased. Very cold water should not be used, however, except by the hardy. The temperature should be somewhere between 70 and 80 degrees, according to the individual concerned, unless one is robust enough to stand lower temperatures. In those whose vitality has been depleted by maladies due to the retention within the body of waste poisons, a rather warm bath, lasting about three minutes, may precede the cold bath.

The cold bath offsets many of the deteriorating influences of our artificial life. Sedentary persons who suffer from nervous weakness of various sorts, such as neurasthenia are greatly benefited by the tonic effects of the cold bath. A very cold bath should always be short and the temperature of the room in which the bath is taken should be higher than that of the bath. Hot baths taken frequently, especially in winter, are depressing and lower the vitality. After the reaction sets in following a cool bath there is a great increase in the blood corpuscles in the surface vessels. The increase ranges from 30 to 60 per cent. Since these corpuscles carry oxygen to the tissues and remove carbonic acid, there is a consequent increase in the vital resistance of the skin. It is also to be remembered that cold blood cells are germ destroyers and scavengers, removing deleterious substances from the blood vessels and tissues of the body.

When a Girl Marries

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle

Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Nationwide Success.

FOR a moment I stood waiting for Carl to pull himself together. But when several minutes passed and Carl remained gazing out over the roofs of the city, I dreaded to take matters into my own hands.

"Carl, I've only a few minutes now. But I'd like to arrange for a real conference at 4 or 4:30, if that suits you," I said. "You know we've a lot of loose ends to tie up before I start out on my own. I don't want any ghosts of my sojourn at Haldane's rising to trouble me. Which hour suits you?"

"Four—if that's all right for you," replied Carl in a muffled voice. Then, turning suddenly, he cried: "You're a wonderful woman, Anne Harrison. I'll remember for the rest of time that you're Anne Harrison, and not Anne Lee. And there won't be any ghosts—to trouble you. Only a good friend to guard you from ghosts and other pests."

"So that's that," I cried. Then with a smile, I ventured to add: "And, remember, I count on the aforementioned and oft-tested friend."

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